

The distinctive weapon of the Swiss was the halberd, which was their principal weapon at Morgarten and Laupen. It is curious to note how the Tentonie nations, even to this day, prefer the ent and the Latin nations the point. We have been told by German officers that when the Germany and French cavalry met in the war of 1870 the German sword blades always flashed vertically over their heads, while the French darted in and out horizontally in a succesarm's length. So the English at Hastings worked havor with their battle, boding. axes. The Notherland mercenaries carried a hewing weapon at Bouvines. The their halberds, an improvement on the godendag.

the saddle and above all a broad, heavy blade, "most terrific weapons (valde small pieces." One can imagine how ing to the floor and smashed. such a blade at the end of an eight foot shaft must have surprised galloping hurriedly and struck a match to find young gentlemen who thought them- that my small alarm clock had fallen selves invulnerable in their armor .- off the mantelpiece; that the crystal Macmillan's Magazine.

A Curious Divorce. The charming old Duchess Wilhelmine of Sleswick-Holstein, grandaunt of the present empress of Germany, was the divorced wife of King Frederick VII of Denmark The duchess, who subsequently married the younger brother of the present king, had no alternative left her than to demand and obtain a dissolution of her union with Frederick, for her place in his affections and at the head of the household had been usurped by her French modiste, who was subsequently invested by the late king with the title of Countess Danner. Many years later he yielded to her importunities and legalized his relations with her after a fashion by a morganatic marriage. Notwithstanding her antecedents she was treated with the ntmost consideration by the present king and queen of and it was from her that the Princess of Wales, the present czarina of Russia and they possess of how to make dresses and AND THE REAL PROPERTY.

That Motto of Sala's.

It is not generally known that Mr. Sala was the author of a quotation attributed to Dr. Johnson. The circumstances under which it came to be made were as follows: He had been a contributor to The Cornhill Magazine, and was contemplating further work for that periodical, when John Maxwell, a publisher, proposed that he become editor of a new magazine which Mr. Maxwell thought of starting. This offer he accepted, and Mr. Sala says: "To this periodical I gave the name of Temple Bar, and from a rough sketch of mine of the old bar which blocked the way in Fleet street Percy Macquoid drew an admirable frontispiece. As a motto I imagined a quotation from Boswell, 'And now, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'we will take a walk down Fleet street.' To the best of my knowledge and belief, Dr. Johnson never said a word about taking a walk down Fleet street, but my innocent superchery was, I fancy, implicitly believed in for at least a generation by the majority of magazine readers. "-Boston Transcript.

Central New York Justice.

There is a justice of the peace in Oneida county who is regarded by many as a wonderfully keen fellow with a most accurate sense of justice. In the village where he resides no man is more important than the "jedge." Recently a man arrested for larceny was arraigned before him. The prisoner pleaded not guilty.

"Well, I think that you stole it anyway," said the judge without further inquiry or parley. "I suspect you," he thundered, "and I'll give you 59 days on suspicion."

The man who was suspected served the sentence. - Utica Observer.

Can Temper Copper.

E. G. Salter of this city, has discovered the lost art of tempering copper so that the metal may be utilized in place of steel for many purposes where corro- of a vault. sion puts steel at a disadvantage. He has made both flat and coiled springs of great elasticity, has made good knife the metal itself and weld it to iron or steel. Mr. Salter says his process gives pure copper all the qualities which it tempering is employed. Trolley wheels made from tempered copper have outold way .- Detroit Dispatch.

THAT MYSTERIOUS CLOCK. S

By B. T. Montague.

gro who had formerly been in my cm- The third night was the traditionally ploy, but who in latter days had struck fated night! into the smooth road lending to the gallows. He was wanted just now for the elreumstantial evidence clearly proving him to be the guilty person.

Upon riding into the village I reported my discovery to the authorities friends, and joined a posse of men who immediately set out for his capture. He reor another I felt in a meanare responsible for that man's death. While it was evident from his fatter day exploits that he would eventually meet with such a fate, if not a more ignominious one, for this particular offense I felt that he really did not deserve to die in such a coldblooded fashion. I had surely done only my duty, but I almost wished that it had fallen to the lot of somebody else-

the doing of it. What added to my discomfiture was that towards nightfall a disagreeable sion of thrusts. Even the German dead | drizzle set in, one of those hideous rains, lay in whole ranks with their swords at | which dampens the very soul and makes one an easy prey to every gloomy fore-

I went to my solitary abode in the thrall of a black depression. I could Flemings at Courtrai used their goden- not shake it off. My beloved books ofdags fitted alike both for cut and thrust, fered no acceptable temptation; even and finally the Swiss made play with my pipe was poor comfort. A fellow is in a bad way when he loses faith in his pipe. Manifestly bed was the place for The halberds had a point for thrust- me; so into it I got, after taking a good ing, a book wherewith to pull men from | drink of the blessed "Three Stars;" and very soon tumbled off to sleep.

I slept the sleep of the conscientious, terribilia"), to use the words of John to be awakened at last by hearing the of Winterthur, "cleaving men asunder crash of something which sounded like like a wedge and cutting them into a breakable thing flung from the cell-

I was considerably startled, got up was broken, and that the hands pointed to 3:20 a. m. I lit the lamp, sat on the side of the bed and wondered how that clock got off the mantelpiece-surely a very singular thing. I expended a half hour's thought upon the subject, finally getting round to the conclusion that, shelf and thrown it down. As I had to after fooling about a space went on down to the office. Somehow I could not get rid of the idea that it really was, after all, a strange thing how that clock body watching and waiting for-I knew got off that shelf. By this time I had not what-Buck Anderson's ghost to given over the mouse theory. All day come and take it out of me. A sweet long the matter was in my mind, so state I had worked myself into, truly. that by night, when I once more went How would it end? What would be do to my room, I had worked myself into to me? Fall upon and belabor me? quite a state about it. I tried the books A small matter. I was not afraid of again - dead fallure. Pipe almost what any human could do to me; I

grown to be an enemy. Bed regarded could yield up my life with as much Denmark when they were eking out a with distrust. Sleep not to be thought grace as the next man; but a ghost, scanty subsistence in Copenhagen previ- of. This thing kept up until about ten what means would be employ? I could o'clock, when I came to the conclusion , not anticipate it, I would have to see that I was a baby; and I got up, wound it, have to experience it. my clock, set my alarm and went to bed the Duchess of Cumberland acquired -but not to sleep. I was looking out if a knife had been plunged into my not only their unrivaled taste for dress, for that clock. I had a rooted notion heart the emotion could not have been that the last night's performance would be repeated. I found myself saying: it had moved! The clock had moved. "And if it comes three times I'll take it for a sign."

face in the glass to-morrove. Having arraigned and convicted myself of womanishness, contemptible cowardice, I shut my eyes and swore I'd go to sleep get him to kick me. No good. I was de- for doubt. It was a fact. Termined to be in at the finish. It was now, however, about (I imagine) ine o'clock I tumbled off to sleep, and the next thing I knew crash came the clock again off the mantelpiece. I shot out the bed as if a legion of demons had routed me and lit the lamp. Yes, there was my peace-disturbing clock on the floor, with the hands pointing to

If the angel Gabriel had that minute told me Buck Anderson (the dead negro) and that clock were not in league together I would have doubted him. I was consumed with a deadly horror of the supernatural. I knew that Buck Anderson was pulling the strings that waltzed my clock off the mantelpiece, and I knew he meant me some deadly harm for the hand I took in his downfall. Good heavens! Was I to be followed about by a negro ghost for any great length of time? Cold perspiration broke out over me.

But why did he select the clock. What had the clock to do with it? Did he mean to hurl it at me and it fell short? Or what did he mean, anyway? And why 3:20 in the morning. I wished old Gillam and his whole family had been burnt at the stake before I had dabbled in their gin-house affair. It was raining insistently outside and the March wind was bulging under the doors and rattling the window in a ghastly fashion.

I sat shivering upon the side of my bed, lost in a horrible speculation. My cloak lay upon the floor and the lamp sent out a pale, uncanny light which did not quite reach into the corners, so that my erstwhile cozy little sitting-room bore to my disordered mind the aspect

I was plainly (I thought) in a supernatural presence, and that presence a lost soul, an avenging spirit. What blades, and, best of all, is able to weld | was going to happen to me? I am not a coward-nobody can say that of me, not my worst enemy-but this night I was abjectly enthralled with horror. possesses when the secret process of I was afraid of my own breathing, my very heart beats, of the mouning wind outside. I was afraid to move lest the bake it at once in a gem pan or muffin worn several sets of wheels made in the very act itself would bring about some rings.-Leisure Hours. fearful climax.

sat there, chilled to the marrow, but at last a faint streak of dawn gleaming through the window reassured me in a measure. I got up and into my clothes and went out of that house like one in a

How I managed to attend to my work that day I don't know. I hardly remem-HAD encountered an ugly experi- ber one incident of the 12 hours. I ence that day. I accidentally dis- was overwhelmed with dreadful anticirovered the retreat-in a cypress swamp, pations of events to transpire during -of a detected incendiary, a young ne- the coming night. The third night.

I was tempted to unbosom myself to a friend and get him to go and sleep with burning of old Peter Gillam's gin house. me, but I was too much ashamed of my pusillanimousness. Better suffer anything at the hands of a spook than have myself the laughing stock of all my

This time I was determined to see it out. I would sit up all night to watch sisted arrest and was shot down and his that clock and see with my own eyes body brought back to town. One way how it was managed and by what

> I necordingly made arrangement for a big fire to be kept up all night, several extra lights, something to est and drink, my pipe and plenty of books.

Then I shut my windows, drugged slaught.

That I should have lived to encounter a real ghost! I must have been born under the necessarily peculiar circumstances qualifying me for supernatural encounters. I devoutly wished other circumstances had been employed.

Ite this time I was III-physically ill. I could neither eat, drink nor smoke. I could only think, and my mind was in a perfect whirligig of confusion.

How the hours dragged, as hours will that are unemployed. I almost thought | cay, do you know, are you wholly unfeeling. time loitered with malice aforethought. When one's head is on the block they say it is a relief for the ax to fall. I believe I could have anticipated and suffered decapitation less disagreeably.

At ten o'clock I wound and set by my watch my precious alarm, and placed it in its customary place upon the mantel. It was a capricious little affair at best, and lately had to be laid upon its back in order to keep proper time-in fact, to run at all; so I turned it on its back as usual, and sat down to watch it. The rain had cleared up, but the wind continued to howl around in a hideously unpleasant manner. I don't think I have ever heard wind blow as it did upon that particular night. I imagined it to be thick with inky devils that bellowed and groaned and laughed and shricked all in a breath. The branches probably, a mouse had run across the of a sycamore tree scraping against the roof made my flesh creep, while the meet a train at five a. m. (I am a rail- wind surging through the wild orange road man) I got into my clothes, and trees created a queer whistling sound

which I never heard before or since. Oh, the interminable time I sat there, sick at heart, worn out in mind and

otherwise than it was when I saw that A certain ornamental point which I had noted matched with a certain figure in Good heavens! this was getting ridle- the mantel lambrequin upon which I moved. I broke into a cold sweat. My throat hurt me horribly, and I felt my hair rise upon my head. I was power less to change the position of a finger. or wake up my next door neighbor and It had moved! There was no chance

> I gazed spellbound, all my senses ab sorbed into that of seeing. For hours and hours I sat in a state of haff consciousness watching the clock move. Slowly, slowly, to the left, almost too slowly to be perceptible, until it had turned entirely round. Then slowly, slowly, round again. Round and round, again and again, winding my poor brain into a very Gordian knot, while the slow hours dragged by, and the fire burnt lower and lower and went out; and the wind subsided, and the cold crept in and numbed my unresponding body. Then all at once I saw the clock tip over the edge of the mantel, and come crashing to my feet. I had just strength enough left to examine the position of the hands. Twenty minutes after three o'clock! I fell back into my chair in a deep swoon.

> I had a spell of serious sickness after that. I think I was in a condition for anyway, and that night's vigil brought it to a climax. I was ill for several weeks. But I was not convalescent many days before I solved the clock mystery. I got the idea one day while lying upon my bed, and later, putting it to the test, I found I was right in my calculation. By placing the clock upon its back, the thumbpiece (for winding) was brought in contact with the mantel shelf, and, naturally, the clock unwinding turned itself toward the left; round and round, each time coming a little nearer the edge until it toppled over,

> And being set every night at ten o'clock, and put in the same place, it took just five hours and twenty minutes to work itself off. A tame denoument after all my frightful experience.

But, I tell you, Buck Anderson was avenged to his soul's content.-Detroit Free Press.

Hye Brenkfast Cakes. Two cups of rye meal, one-half cup of molasses, speck of salt, one and a half cups of sweet milk to mix it very soft, and one teaspoonful of salaratus;

What is **Emulsion?**

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the wellknown and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so rings for the first service, that of the that their potency is materially Roman Catholics, who in large prisons

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and infant, the child and the adult. It will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and and prepared myself for the ghostly our experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulion,

30c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

HER FAN.

stutter of feathers and perfume of faces. Carved sticks of ivory, daintily white: Plump little Capids, with nuschievous faces-

Ah, could I but read your expression arighti As you pelt one another with roses so sweet? Do you not know that my heart she is stealing. To trample it under her pearly shed feet?

Almost I think you exult in the glances Your owner bestows when she seeks to en-

Know you no cure for wounds from love's Have you no power her victims to save?

Swiftly she whirls in the maze of the dances; Siyly you laugh as you peep from each fold And thus one more victim of coquetry's fancles Questions in vain—his fate is unfold.

-Lucy Mayo Warner in Boston Budges. The Mascot Worked.

Otto Feudner has been buying lottery tickets for years and has never won so much as an approximation prize. He don Quiver. concluded that he would have to get a mascot, so on the advice of a colored friend he set a box trap out in the cemetery to eatch a graveyard rabbit.

Feudner caught a great big fellow the first night and put him in a big dry goods box. It was the day before the drawing, so to make sure that the mascot would work all right Feudner put rabbit. After the drawing he went to see what he had won.

The mascot had worked. It had eaten order in person. up all the lottery tickets. - San Francisco Post.

Unidentified Rivers.

and the Euphrates, which are said to have flowed from the garden of Eden. Various attempts have been made to has been reached among the authorities save in the case of the last. Wetcome the Annoyance.

10 would be rather curious if just after the work of obtaining good roads had been crowned with success the need for them should disappear through the progress of electricity. If the farmer who had made his horses toil all their lives Then lifting up the cover and plunging alous. I would be ashamed to see my had rested my eyes had unmistakably through axle deep mud should acquire in a spoon she exclaimed to the stupean inviting macada nized road just as faction of actors and audience alike: he disposed of his last draft animal and sent his crop to town on a train of trolley trailers starting from a spur the soup."-London Tit-Pots. track on his rang's, he would feel the annovance that cames from an embarrassment of riches. - Exchange.

The Lord Mayor's Costumes.

London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide sleeved, velvet faced, fur trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterward as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broadcloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the judges at the Old Bailey and on All Saints' days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is a black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are perquisites of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of the office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each lord mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the queen passes through the city, a fourth robe is necessary; but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the oc casion arises.

The Gate Where "Poor Joe" Died. graveyard in Russell court, Drury lane, immortalized by Dickens in the Poor Ppringfield (Mass.) Republican. Joe episode of "Bleak House," is now almost an open space, owing to the extensive demolitions in the neighborhood. The old dismal passage and steps laid out as a poor children's gymnasium, but the sullen looking gate with the rear of the machine, the rust eaten bars still remains, and is, like the space, in the custody of the London common council. - London

An Appropriate Hymn.

At the close of a long and labortous sermon by a .ocal pastor he very appro oriately gave out the hymn, "Awake and Sing. "-Minneapolis Journal

The Irish mail boats receive \$455,000 a year subsidy. This is only \$20,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to Magazine. New York

AN ENGLISH JAIL CHAPEL

A View of the Prisoners at the Sunday Morning Service.

After breakfast nothing much happens until the chapel hour. Now those prisoners who have "gone sick" are visited by the surgeon or his assistant, and if the cases are urgent are sent across to the infirmary at once. There is no regular cell inspection; the governor or his deputy makes no round; there is no 'taking of reports," no adjudication of pains and penalties for misconduct. All this will stand over until Monday; even those awaiting punishment, unless it is for outrageous nots of violence or defiance, turn out to go with their fellows to chapel. About 9:30 the chapel bell are usually "located" or lodged in one part of the prison, near their own chapel. The bell for the Church of England service fullows at about 10 n. m.

Both on marching to chapel and when sented within it the various classes and restore to a normal condition the entegories of prisoners are kept strictly separate from each other. Males and fawill enrich the blood of the anemic; males approach the chapel by different reads, enter by different doors and ouenpy different divisions, pays or places apart. Among the males, too, the condown the shades so that the light would cure incipient 'consumption. We ricted are kept from the anconvicted not be conspicuous from the outside, make this statement because the and the delivers from both. The women re grownthy said first, folded a ereen or within a curtained off, railed in inclesure. They are, of course, visible to the chaplain, but to no one else but their own officers. Except for their treble voices heard in re-pomes and bynnes, their presence at the service would be unknown. Now and again, however, an attempt to signal or comhowever, an attempt to signal or communicate has been tried by individuals A Lore E E & A. M -Regular meetings municate has been tried by individuals of opposite sexes; when a dry cough, persistently repeated, in the female pew persistently repeated, in the female pew finds an answer in another part of the chapel, it affords a shrewd suspicion that friends are trying to use some code

A LMA CHAPTER O. E. S. No. 43-Regular month, make friends are trying to use some code

Make F. Taylon, Sec'y, that friends are trying to use some code

made up outside before imprisonment. One other class is unbappily to be found at times in the jail chapel-a very distinct class, but seldom containing more than one representative. This is sometimes a "condemned" man in prison-one on whom the extreme penalty has been passed, and who, by the usual custom, is allowed "three clear Sundays" before the awful sentence is accomplished. A condemned convict, although he is never left alone, being associated day and night with two wardens as guardians, is never permitted to see or be seen by other prisoners. -Lon-

Not the Place For the Soup.

A famous French prima donna when acting delights in a big basin of soup. smoking hot and well flavored with grated cheese. On one occasion she was engaged for a few nights at Marseilles. and her first thought on arriving there was to inquire where she could order her \$25 worth of tickets in the box with the favorite dish. She was recommended to patronize a humble restaurant just by the theater, and going there gave her

At 9 o'clock, as arranged, mine bost called his serving maid, and placing a gigantic tureen in her hands told her to take it to Mme. C—— on the stage. He added that orders had been given to let

MRS. KATE DAVIDSON L. C.

MRS. ANNA LEGNARD, R. K. The first rivers mentioned in authentie added that orders had been given to let history are alluded to in Genesis. They her pass with her bowl, and on the are the Pison, the Gibon, the Hiddekel girl's assurance that she would recognize block, on the second Thursday in each month at the cantatrice sent her off with the soup. Everybody gave way before the servant carrying the sacred meal of the star, identify these streams, but no agreement | when suddenly between the wings she caught sight of the prima donna, who was singing the finale of the first act of 'Lucia, "

Ravenswood and his betrothed were just about to begin the passionate scene which brings down the curtain when the maid entered and placed the tureen on the mossy bank in front of the fountain.

"Begging your parden for interrupting you, sir, and the lady, but here's

To Name Springfield's Four Hundred.

It has been seven years since a Blue Book was painted, and in that time there have been many social changes. Some have dropped out of the charmed circle, some of the buds have developed into matrons, while others are still serving as bridesmaids. And some of the plebeians have acquired property or gained culture and are knocking for admission at society's gate. All that is needed is official recognition. We need a Blue Book, the stars to indicate the grade of patricians. It will be well for the compiler to remain unidentified until the book has been published, and then, as in the previous case, to promptly leave | INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS town-to go far away and stay away. The Price & Lee company, which has been compiling dry and accurate directories of Springfield, has the temerity to announce that it is prepared to classify Springfield society. The preliminary circulars are out. Now is the time to get into line if you want a three star grade in the firmament of the Four Hundred. The Blue Book enumerator Attention > has not started on her rounds yet. Entertain and go to entertainments. The sheep and goats are to be divided, and "Tom All Alone's," the dismal it may again be seven years before another Blue Book division is made -

Puzzling to Wheelmen.

Take a bicycle, balance it with one hand, having one pedal at its highest have gone, and the yard is paved and point, the other at its lowest. To the lower one tie a string and pull it toward

Which way will the bicycle go? It will go backward.

Most people think it will go forward. because the string tends to move the pedals in the direction they move when the machine is going forward. -Philadelphia Record.

For Example.

He-Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them. She-Yes; I wonder what wise man

made the one you just repeated -Strand

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ROYAL ARCANUM-Accade Council No. 1088
O. r. Hell 1 N. BRAINERD, Regent,
A W. BERNER, Sec y,

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A LMA LODGE, L. O. O. F. meets Monday evenings GEO, SOPER, N. G.

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CHAS HUTCHINS, Chief Fatriarch,

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